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MAID'S REVENGE.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TRAGEDY.

Written by **JAMES SHIRLEY, Gentleman.**



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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GASPER DE VILAREZO, *an old Count, Father to SEBASTIANO, CATALINA and BERINTHIA.*

SEBASTIANO, *Son to VILAREZO.*

ANTONIO *a lover of BERINTHIA, and friend to SEBASTIANO.*

VALINDRAS, *a Kinsman of ANTONIO.*

SFORZA, *a blunt Soldier.*

VALASCO, *a lover of BERINTHIA.*

COUNT DE MONTE NIGRO, *a braggard.*

DIEGO, *Servant to ANTONIO.*

SIGNIOR SHARKINO, *a shirking Doctor.*

SCARABEO, *a Servant to SHARKINO.*

CATALINA } *Daughters to VILAREZO*
BERINTHIA }

CASTABELLA, *Sister to ANTONIO.*

ANSILVA, *a waiting gentlewoman to the two Sisters.*

Nurse.

Servants.



T H E

MAID'S REVENGE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter SEBASTIANO and ANTONIO.

Seb. **T**HE noble courtesies I have received
At Lisbon, worthy friend, so much engage me
That I must die indebted to your worth,
Unless you mean to accept what I've studied,
Although but partly to discharge the sum
Due to your honor'd love.

Ant. How now, Sebastiano, will you forfeit
The name of friend, then I did hope our love
Had outgrown complement?

Seb. I speak my thoughts,
My tongue and heart are relatives: I think
I have deserved no base opinion from you;
I wish not only to perpetuate
Our friendship, but to exchange that common name
Of friend, for

Ant. What? take heed, do not prophane;
Would'st thou be more than friend? It is a name,

A 2

Virtue

Virtue can only answer to, could'st thou
 Unite into one, all goodness whatso'er
 Mortality can boast of, thou shalt find
 The circle narrow bounded to contain
 This swelling treasure ; every good admits
 Degrees, but this being so good it cannot !
 For he's no friend is not superlative.
 Indulgent parents, brethren, kindred, tied
 By the natural flow of blood ; alliances
 And what you can imagine, is too light
 To weigh with name of friend : they execute
 At best, but what a nature prompts 'em to,
 Are often less than friends, when they remain
 Our kinsmen still, but friend is never lost.

Seb. Nay then, Antonio, you mistake, I mean not
 To leave off friend, which with another title
 Would not be lost ; come then, I'll tell you sir,
 I would be friend and brother, thus our friendship
 Shall like a diamond set in gold not lose
 His sparkling, but shew fairer ; I have a pair
 Of sisters, which I would commend, but that
 I might seem partial, their birth and fortunes
 Deserving noble love ; if thou beest free
 From other fair engagements, I would be proud
 To speak them worthy : come, shalt go and see them :
 I would not beg them suitors, fame hath spread
 Through Portugal their persons, and drawn to Avero
 Many affectionate gallants.

Ant. Catalina and Berinthia,

Seb. The same.

Ant. Report speaks loud their beauties, and no less
 Virtue in either ; well, I see you strive
 To leave no merit where you mean to honor,
 I cannot otherwise escape the censure
 Of one ungrateful, but by waiting on you
 Home to Avero.

Seb. You shall honor me,
 And glad my noble father, to whom you are
 No stranger, your own worth before hath been
 Sufficient preparation.

Ant. Ha ?

I have not so much choice Sebastiano,
 But if one sister of Antonio's,
 May have a commendation to your thoughts,
 I will not spend much art in praising her,
 Her virtue speak itself, I shall be happy,
 And be confirmed your brother, though I miss
 Acceptance at Averro.

Seb. Still you out-do me, I could never wish
 My service better plac'd, at opportunity
 I'll visit you at Elvas, i'th mean time
 Let's haste to Averro, where with you I'll bring
 My double welcome, and not fail to second
 Any design.

Ant. You shall teach me a lesson
 Against we meet at Elva's castle sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter GASPER DE VILAREZO, and a SERVANT.

Vil. What gallants sir are they newly enter'd?

Ser. Count de Monte Nigro, my lord, and Don Valasco.

Vil. Give your observance then, I know their business;
 Catalina and Berinthia are the stars
 Direct them hither, Gasper's house shall give
 Respect to all, but they are two such jewels,
 I must dispose maturely, I should else
 Return ingratitude upon the heavens
 For leaving me such pledges, nor am I,
 Like other fathers, carried with the stream
 Of love to th' youngest, as they were in birth
 They had my tendernefs, Catalina then
 Is eldest in my care, Berinthia
 Her child's part too, both fair and virtuous;
 But daughters are held losses to a family,
 Sons only to maintain honor and esteem
 Alive in their posterity; and now I think on't,
 My son, Sebastiano, hath been slow
 From Lisbon. Oh that boy
 Renews my age with hope, and hath return'd
 My care in education, weight for weight
 With noble quality, well belov'd by th' best
 Oth' Dons in Spain and Portugal, whose loves
 Do often stretch his absence to such length
 As this hath been.

Enter

Enter COUNT DE MONTE NIGRO, *and* CATALINA.

But here's my eldest daughter
With her amorous Count, I'll not be seen. [Exit.

Cata. You have been absent long, my noble Count,
Beswore me but I dreamt on you last night.

Count. Ha, ha, did you so? I tickle her in her sleep, I
perceive.

Sweet lady, I did but like the valiant beast;
Give a little ground, to return with a greater
Force of love. Now, by my father's sword
And gauntlet, thou art a precious piece of virtue;
But prithee, what, didst dream of me last night?

Cata. Nay, 'twas an idle dream, not worth the repetition.

Count. Thou dream'st I warrant thee, that I was fighting
For thee up to the knees in blood; why I dare do it,
Such dreams are common with Count de Monte
Nigro, my sleeps are nothing else but rehearals of
Battles, and wounds, and ambuscades, Donzell Delphebo
Was a mountebank of valour, Rosicbeer, a puff;
My dreams deserve to be i'th chronicles.

Cata. Why, now my dream is out.

Count. What?

Cata. I dreamt that you were fighting.

Count. So.

Cata. And that in single combat, for my sake
You slew a giant, and you no sooner had
Rescued my honor, but there crept a pigme
Out of the earth, and kill'd you.

Count. Very likely, the valiant'st man must die.

Cata. What by a pigme?

Count. I, that's another giant, I remember Hercules
Had a conflict with 'em. Oh my Dona
Catalina! well would I were so happy once to
Maintain some honorable duel for thy sake, I shall
Ne'er be well, till I have kill'd somebody; fight 'tis true
I have never yet flesh'd myself in blood, nobody
Would quarrel with me, but I find my spirit prompt
If occasion would but wink at me, why not? wherefore has
Nature given me these brawny arms, this manly bulk,

And

And these collossian supporters nothing but to fling
The sledge, or pitch the bar, and play with
Axletrees, if thou lovest me, do but command me
Some worthy service; pox a dangers? I weigh'd 'em no
More than fleabittings, would somebody did hate that
Face, now I wish it with all my heart.

Cata. Would you have any body hate me?

Count. Yes, I'd hate them, I'd but thrust my hand into their
Mouth down to the bottom of their belly, pluck
Out their lungs and shake their insides outward.

Enter BERINTHIA and VALASCO.

Ber. Noble Sir, you need not heap more protestations,
I do believe you love me.

Val. Do you believe I love, and not accept it?

Ber. Yes, I accept it too, but apprehend me
As men do gifts, whose acceptation does not
Bind to perform what every giver craves;
Without a stain to virgin modesty
I can accept your love, but pardon me,
It is beyond my power to grant your suit.

Val. Oh you too much subject a natural gift,
And make yourself beholding for your own:
The sun hath not more right to his own beams,
With which he gilds the day, nor the sea lord
Of his own waves.

Ber. Alas, what is't to own a passion
Without power to direct it, for I move
Not by a motion I can call my own,
But by a higher rapture, in obedience
To a father, and I have yet no freedom
To place affection, so you but endear me
Without a merit.

Cata. Here's my sister.

Count. And Don Valasco, how now, are thy arrows
feathered?

Val. Well enough for roving.

Count. Roving I thought so.

Val. But I hope fair,

Count.

Count. Shoot home then; Valasco I have
Presented my mistress with a paper of verses, see she
Is reading of them.

Val. Didst make 'em thyself?

Count. My money did, what an idle question is that? as
tho' we

That are great men, are not furnished with stipendary
Muses, I am sure for my own part I can buy 'em
Cheaper than I can make 'em a great deal, would
You have learning have no reward? she laughs
At 'em, I am glad of that.

Ber. The favor of a true poetic fury.

Count. Do you smell nothing, something hath some fa-
vour?

Cata. But this line methinks hath more feet than the rest.

Count. It shou'd run the better for that lady, I did it a
purpose.

Cata. But here's another lame.

Count. That was my conceit, my own invention, lame
Halting verses, there's the greatest art, besides I
Thereby give you to understand, that I am valiant,
Dare cut off legs and arms at all times, and make 'em
Go halting home that are my enemies, I am
An Iambographier now it is out.

Cata. For honor's sake what's that?

Count. One of the fourest versifiers that ever crept out
Parnassus; when I set on t, I can make any body hang himself
With pure Iambicks, I can fetch blood with Asclepiad's
Sting, with Phalencium's whip, with Saphick's
Bastinado, with hexameter and pentameter, and
Yet I have a trimeter left for thee my Dona Catalina.

Ber. Conclude a peace fir with your passion,
I am sorry love hath been unkind to you
To point at me, who, till she first have knit
The sacred knot of marriage, am forbid
To think of love.

Val. But I cannot desist,
I am in love with every thing you say,
This your denial as it comes from you
Bids me still love you, pardon fair Berinthia,
Valasco hath not power to rule himself;
Be you less fair, or virtuous, perhaps
I may abate my service.

Enter

Enter VILAREZO, SEBASTIANO, and ANTONIO.

Vil. Old Gaspar's house is honor'd by such guests;
Now by the tomb of my progenitors,
I envied that your fame should visit me
So oft without your person, Sebastiano
Hath been long happy in your noble friendship,
And cannot but improve himself in virtues
That live so near your love.

Cata. Don Antonio de Riviero.

Seb. The same.

Cata. With whose noble worth
You oft hath fill'd discourse, thought yourself happy
In his choice friendship; if his body carry
So many graces, it is heaven within,
Where his soul is.

Vil. Sebastiano, thou hast largely recompenc'd
Thy tedious absence, you shall dishonor me,
Unless you think yourself as welcome here,
As at your Elvas castle; Vilarezo
Was once as you are sprightly, and though I say it,
Maintain'd my father's reputation,
And honor of our house with actions
Worthy our name and family, but now,
Time hath let fall cold snow upon my hairs,
Plough'd on my brows the furrows of his anger,
Disfurnish'd me of active blood, and wrapt me
Half in my fear cloth, yet I have mind
That bids me honor virtue, where I see it
Bud forth and spring so hopefully.

Anto. You speak all nobleness, and encourage me
To spend the greenness of my rising years
So to th' advantage, that at last I may
Be old like you.

Vil. Daughters, speak his welcome, Catalina.

Cata. Sir, you are most welcome.

Count. How's that? she says he is most welcome, he were
Not best love her, she never made me such a reverence
For all the kisses I have bestowed upon her since
I first opened my affection: I do not like this
Fellow, I must be fain to use Doctor Sharkin's cunning.

C

Vak

Val. It were not truly noble to affront him;
My blood boils in me, it shall cool again,
The place is venerable by her presence,
And I may be deceiv'd, Valasco then
Keep distance with thy fears.

Anto. How now, Antonio, where hast thou lost thyself?
Struck dead with ladies eyes? I could star-gaze
For ever thus: oh, pardon love, 'gainst whom
I often have prophan'd, and mock'd thy fires,
Thy flames now punish me, let me collect;
They are both excellent creatures, there is
A majesty in Catalina's eye, and every part carries ambition
Of queen upon it, yet Berinthia
Hath something more than all this praise, though she
Command the world, this hath more power o'er me;
Here I have lost my freedom, not the queen
Of love could thus have wounded poor Antonio:
I'll speak to her: Lady, I'm a novice, yet in love.

Ber. It may be so.

Anto. She jests at me, yet I shou'd be proud to be
Your servant.

Ber. I entertain no servants that are proud.

Val. Divine Berinthia!

Anto. She checks my rudeness that so openly
I seem to court her, and in presence too
Of some that have engaged themselves perhaps
To her already.

Vil. Come, let us in, my house spreads to receive you,
Which you may call your own. I'll lead the way.

Cata. Please you walk, sir.

Anto. It will become me much to wait on you.

[*Exeunt manet Count and Valasco*]

Count. Does not the fool ride us both?

Val. What fool? both, whom?

Count. That fool, both us, we are but horses, and may
Walk one another for ought I see before the door, when he
Is alight and enter'd. I do not relish that same
Novice, he were not best gull me; hark you, Don
Valasco, what shall's do?

Val. Do, why?

Count. This Antonio is a suitor to one of'em.

Val.

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Val. I fear him not.

Count. I do not fear him neither, I dare fight with him, and
He were ten Antonios; but the ladies Don, the ladies.

Val. Berinthia, to whom
I pay my love devotions, in my ear
Seem'd not to welcome him, your lady did.

Count. I but for all that he had most mind to your mistress,
And I do not see if he pursue it,
There is a possibility to scale the fort, ladies
Minds may alter, by your favor, I have less
Cause to fear o'th two; if he love not Catalina
My game is free, and I may have a course in
Her park the more easily.

Val. 'Tis true, he preferred service to Berinthia,
And what is she then to resist the vows of
Antonio if he love, dare heap upon her?
He's gracious with her father, and a friend
Dear as his bosom, to Sebestiano,
And may be, is directed by that brother
To aim at her, or if he make free choice,
Berinthia's beauty will draw up his soul.

Count. And yet now I think on't, he was very saucy
With my love to support her arm, which she
Accepted too familiarly, and she should
But love him, it were as bad for me, for tho' he care
Not for her, I am sure she will never abide me after it.
By this hilts, I must kill him, there's no remedy,
I cannot help it.

Val. I'll know my destiny.

Count. And I my fate; but here he comes.

Enter ANTONIO.

Anto. The strangest resolution of a father
I ever heard, I was covetous
To acquaint him with my wishes, pray'd his leave
I might be servant to Berinthia,
But thus he briefly answered, until
His eldest daughter were dispos'd in marriage
His youngest must not love, and therefore with'd me,

C 2

Unless

Unless I could place Catalina here,
 Leave off soliciting, yet I was welcome
 But fed on nothing but Berinthia,
 From whose fair eyes love threw a thousand flames
 Into Antonio's heart, her cheeks bewraying
 As many amorous blushings, which break out
 Like a forc'd lightening from a troubled cloud,
 Discovering a restraint, as if within
 She were at conflict, which her colour only
 Took liberty to speak, but soon fell back,
 And as it were check'd by silence.

Count. I'll stay no longer; sir, a word with you, are you desperate?

Ant. Desperate, why sir?

Count. I ask and you be desperate, are you weary of your Life? and you be, say but the word; somebody can tell How to dispatch you without a physician, at a minute's warning.

Anto. You are the noble Count de monte Nigro.

Count. I care not a Spanish fig what you count me, I must Call you to account sir, in brief, the lady Dona Catalina is my mistress, I do not mean to be baffled While this tool has any steel in't, and I have some Metal in myself too.

Anto. The Dona Catalina? Do you love her?

Enter VILAREZO, SEBASTIANO, CATALINA and BERINTHIA.

She is a lady in whom only lives
 Nature's and arts perfection, born to shame
 All former beauties, and to be the wonder
 Of all succeeding, which shall fade and wither
 When she is but remembered.

Count. I can endure no more, Diablo, he is mortally in Love with Catalina.

Val. 'Tis so, he's tane with Catalina's beauty.

Count. Sir I am a servant of that lady, therefore eat up Your words or you shall be sensible that I am Count De monte Nigro, and she's no dish for Don Antonio.

Ant. Sir I will do you right.

Count.

Count. Or I will right myself.

Cata. He did direct those praises unto me.
This doth confirm it.

Ber. He cannot so soon alter,
I shall discover a passion through my eyes.

Count. Thou shewest thyself a noble gentleman, the
Count is now thy friend.

Ant. Does it become me sir, to prosecute
Where such a noble Count is interested;
Upon my soul, I wish the lady yours,
Here my suit falls, with tender of my service:
Would you were married, nay, in bed together,
My honorable Count.

Cata. Your face is cloudy sir, as you suspected
Your presence were not welcome; had you nought
But title of a brother's friendship, it were
Enough to oblige us to you, but your worth
In Catalina's eyes, bids me proclaim you
A double acceptance.

Ant. Oh, you are bounteous, lady!

Count. Sir—

Ant. Do not fear me,
I am not worthy your opinion,
It shall be happiness for me to kiss
This ivory hand.

Count. The whilst I kiss her lip and be immortal.

Seb. Antonio, my father is a rock,
In that he first resolved, and I account it part of my
Own unhappiness, I hope you hold me not suspected?

Ant. I were unworthy such a friend, his care
Becomes him nobly; has not yonder Count
Some hope of Catalina?

Seb. My father thinks that sister worthy of
More than a bare nobility.

Ant. I'll back to Elvas, noble sir,
This entertainment is so much above
Antonio's merit, if I leave you not
I shall be out of hope to—

Vil. Nay then, you mock me sir, you must not leave me
Without discourtesy so soon; we trifle time,
This night you are my guest, my honored Count,
My Don Valasco.

Count.

Count. Yes, my Lord, we'll follow.

Ant. Ha, I am resolv'd, like Bargemen when they row,
I'll look another way than that I go. [*Ex. unt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter CATALINA and ANSILVA.

Cata. Ansilva you observe with curious eye
All gentlemen that come hither, what's your opinion
OF Don Antonio?

Ans. My opinion, madam, I want art
To judge of him.

Cata. 'Then without art your judgment.

Ans. He is one of the most accomplish'd gentlemen.
Ansilva e'er beheld, pardon, madam.

Cata. Nay, it doth not displease, y'are not alone,
He hath friends to second you, and who dost think
Is cause he tarries here.

Ans. Your noble father will not let him go.

Cata. And can'st thou see no higher? then thou art dull.

Ans. Madam, I guess at something more.

Cata. What?

Ans. Love.

Cata. Of whom?

Ans. I know not that.

Cata. How not that? thou'dst bring thy former truth
Into suspicion, why 'tis more apparent
Than that he loves.

Ans. If judging eyes may guide him,
I know where he should chuse, but I have heard
That love is blind.

Cata. Ha?

(not his)

Ans. Virtue would direct him, madam, unto you, I know
Obedience, I shall repent if I offend.

Cata.

Cata. Th'art honest, be yet more free, hide not a thought that may concern it.

Ans. Then, madam, I think he loves my lady Berinthia; I have observ'd his eyes roll that way, Even now I spied him Close with her in the arbour, pardon me, madam.

Cata. Th'ft done me faithful service, be yet more vigilant, I know thou speak'st all truth, I do suspect him, [*Exit. Ans.* My sister, ah! dare she maintain contention? Is this the duty binds her to obey A father's precepts, 'tis dishonor to me.

Enter ANSILVA.

Ans. Madam, here's a pretty handsome stripling new alight, Enquires for Don Antonio.

Cata. Let me see him, 'twill give me good occasion to be My own observer.

Enter DIEGO.

Whom would you, sir?

Die. I am sent in quest of Antonio.

Cata. He speaks like a knight errand, he comes in quest.

Die. I have heard it a little virtue in some Spanniels to Quest now and then, lady.

Cata. But you are none.

Die. My Master cannot beat me from him, madam, I am One of the oldest appertenances belonging to him, and yet I Have little moss in my chin.

Cata. The more to come, a witty knave.

Die. No more wit than will keep my head warm, I beseech you amiable virgin, help my master Antonio to some intelligence that a servant of his waits to speak with him from his sister Madona Castabella.

Cata. It shall not need sir, I'll give him notice myself. Ansilva entertain time with him.

Ans. A promising young man.

Die. Do you wait on this lady?

Ans.

Ans. Yes, sir.

Die. We are both of a tribe then, though we differ in our sex, I beseech you tax me not of immodesty, or want of breeding, that I did not salute you upon the first view of your person; this kiss shall be as good as press-money to bind me to your service.

Ans. Y'are very welcome, by my virginity. *[Exit.]*

Die. Your virginity! a good word to save an oath, for all she made me a curt'sy, it was not good manners to leave me so soon—"Y'are very welcome by my virginity;" was she afraid of breaking, it may be she is crack'd already, but here she is again.

Enter ANSILVA.

Ans. May I beg your name, sir?

Die. No, beggar sweet, would you have it at length, then My name is Signior Baltazaro Clere Mautado, But for brevity's sake, they call me Diego.

Ans. Then Signior Diego, once more you are welcome.

Die. *Bazalex manes Signiara* and what my tongue is not able to express, my head shall; it seems you have liv'd long a virgin?

Ans. Not above seven or eight and thirty years.

Die. By lady, a tried virgin, you have given the world A large testimony of your virginity.

Enter ANTONIO, BERINTHIA and CATALINA.

Ber. I should be thus a disobedient daughter
A father's hefts are sacred.

Ant. But in love.

They have no power, it is but tyranny

Plain usurpation to command the mind

Against its own election; I am yours,

Vow'd yours for ever, send me not away

Shipwreck'd i'th harbour, say but you can love me,

And I will wait an age, not wish to move

But by commission from you to whom

I render the possession of myself:

Ha! we are betray'd, I must use cunning,

She lives in you, and take not in worse sense;

You

You are more gracious, in that you are
So like your eldest sister, in whom lives
The copy of so much perfection
All others seem to imitate.

Cata. Does he not praise me now?

Ant. But here she is,
Madam, not finding you ith' garden,
I met this lady.

Cat. I came to tell you
A servant of yours attends with letters from
Your sister, Madona Castabella.

Ant. Diego, what news?

Die. Sir, my lady remembers her love; these letters in-
form you the state of all things.

Cata. What serious conference had your sister with that
gentleman?

Bor. Would you had heard them, sister, they concern'd
your commendations.

Cat. Why should he not deliver them to myself?

Bor. It may be then
You would have thought he flattered.

Cat. I like not this rebound,
'Tis fairest to catch at fall.

Bor. Sister, I hope
You have no suspicion I have courted
His stay or language; on my life, no accent
Fell from me, your own ear would not have heard
With acceptance.

Cat. It may be so, and yet I dare acquit you
In duty to a father, you would wish me
All due respect, I know it.

Ant. Diego. *Diego.* Sir.

Ant. You observe the waiting creatures in the black,
Harke, you apprehend me? [*whisper.*]

Die. With as much tenacity as a servant.

Cat. I hope sir, now we shall enjoy you longer?

Ant. The gods would sooner be sick with nectar than
Grow weary of such fair society; (*Antonio*)
But I am at home expected: a poor sister,
My father's care alive, and dying was
His legacy, having out-staid my time,
Is tender of my absence.

D

Enter

Enter VILAREZO, SEBASTIANO, COUNT, and VALASCO

Cata. My lord Antonio means to take his leave.

Vila. Although last night you were inclin'd to go,
Let us prevail this morning.

Cata. A servant of his, he says, brought letters
To hasten departure

Vila. Why hurrah, will you rob us of your master?

Die. Not guilty, my lord.

(*way*)

Count. Sir, if you'll needs go, we'll bring you on your

Ant. I humbly thank your honor, I'll not be so troublesome.

Count. Would you were gone once, I do not mean to
trouble myself so much, I warrant thee.

Ant. I have now a charge upon me, I hope it may
Excuse me if I hasten my return.

Vila. 'Tis fair, and reasonable; well sir, my son
Shall wait on you oth' way, if any occasion
Draw you to Averro, let's hope you'll see us,
You know you're welcome.

Ant. My lord the favors done me, would proclaim
I were too much unworthy not to visit you,
Oft as I see Averro; Madam, I part with some unhappiness
To lose your presence; give me leave I may
Be absent your admirer, to whose memory
I write myself a servant.

Count. Pox on your compliment, you were not best write
In her table-books.

Cata. You do not know
What power you have o'er me, that but to please you,
Can frame myself to take a leave so soon.

Vila. What think you of that, my lord?

Count. Why she says she has power to take her leave
So soon, no hurt a th world in't, I hope she is an
Innocent lady.

to Berinthia,

Ant. The shallow rivers glide away with noise,
The deep are silent, fare you well, lady.

Count. I told you he is a shallow fellow.

Vila. I know not what to think on't, Berinthia.

Ant. Gentlemen, happiness and success in your desires.

Sch. I'll see you a league or two.

Vila.

Vila. By any means, nay, sir.

Ant. Diego.

Die. My lord I have a suit to you before I go.

Vila. To me, Diego, prithee speak it.

Die. That while other gentlemen are happy to divide their affections among the ladies, I may have your honor's leave to bear some good-will to this virgin: Cupid hath thrown a dart at me, like a blind buzzard as he was, and there's no recovery without a cooler; if I be sent into these parts, I desire humbly I may be bold to rub acquaintance with mistress Ansilva?

Vila. With all my heart, Diego.

Die. Madam, I hope you will not be an enemy to a poor Fly that is taken in the flame of the blind god.

Cata. You shall have my consent, sir.

Vila. But what says Ansilva, hast thou mind to a husband?

Ans. I fear I am too young, seven years hence were time enough for me.

Seb. She's not full forty yet, sir.

Die. I honor the antiquity of her maidenhead, thou Mistress of my heart.

Ant. Come, let's away: Diego, our horses—

Vila. We'll bring you to the gate.

Count. Yes, we'll bring him out of doors, would we were shut of him.

[*Exeunt manet. Ansilva.*]

Ans. Hay ho, who would have thought I should have been in love with a stripling, have I seen so many maiden-heads suffer before me, and must mine come to the block at forty years old, if this Diego have the grace to come on, I shall have no power to keep myself chaste any longer; how many maids have been over-run with this love? but here's my lady.

[*Exit.*]

Enter CATALINA and VALASCO.

Cat. Sir, you love my sister.

Val. With an obedient heart.

Cat. Where do you think Don Antonio hath made choice To place his love?

Val. There where I wish it may grow older in desire,
And be crown'd with fruitful happiness.

Cat. Hath your affection had no deeper root
That 'tis rent up already, I had thought
It would have stood a winter, but I see
A summer storm hath kill'd it, fare you well, fir.

Val. How's this, a summer's storm!
Lady, by the honor of your birth,
Put off these clouds, you 'maze me, take off
The wonder you have put upon Valasco,
And solve these riddles.

Cat. You love Berinthia.

Val. With a devoted heart, else may I die
Contempt of all mankind, not my own soul
Is dearer to me.

Cat. And yet you wish Antonio may be crown'd
With happiness in his love, he loves Berinthia.

Val. How?

Cat. Beyond expression, to see how a good nature
Free from dishonor in itself, is backward
To think another guilty, suffers itself
Be poisoned with opinion: did your eyes
Empty their beams so much in admiration
Of your Berinthia's beauty, you left none
To observe your own abuses?

Val. Doth not Antonio dedicate his thoughts
To your acceptance? 'tis impossible,
I heard him praise you to the heavens, above 'em;
Made himself hoarse but to repeat your virtues
As he had been in extasy; love Berinthia?
Hell is not blacker than his soul, if he
Love any goodness but yourself.

Cat. That lesson he with impudence hath read
To my own ears, but shall I tell you fir?
We are both made put properties to raise
Him to his partial ends, flattery is
The stalking horse of policy; saw you not
How many flames he shot into her eyes
When they were parting, for which she paid back
Her subtil tears, he wrung her by the hand,
Seem'd with the greatness of his passion
To have been o'erborne. Oh, cunning treachery!
Worthy our justice, true he commended me;
But could you see the Fountain that sent forth

So many cozening streams, you would say Styx
 Were Cryстал to it, and was't not to the Count,
 Whom he suppos'd was in pursuit of me;
 Nay, whom he knew did love me, that he might
 Fire him the more to consummate my marriage
 That I dispos'd of he might have access
 To his belov'd Berinthia, the end
 Of his desires: I can confirm it, he pray'd
 To be so happy with my father's leave
 To be her amorous servant, which he nobly
 Denied, partly expressing your engagements
 If you have least suspicion of this truth:
 But de' think she love you?

Val. I cannot challenge her, but she has let fall
 Something to make me hope: how think you she's
 Affected to Antonio?

Cat. May be
 Luke warm as yet, but soon alas, she's caught
 Inevitably his, without prevention.
 For my own part, I hate him in whom lives
 A will to wrong a gentleman, for he was
 Acquainted with your love, 'twas my respect
 To tender so your injury, I could not
 Be silent in it, what you mean to do
 I leave to your own thoughts.

Val. Oh stay sweet lady, leave me not to struggle
 Alone with this universal affliction;
 You speak even now Berinthia would be his
 Without prevention: oh that antidote,
 That balsom to my wound.

Cat. Alas, I pity you, and the more, because
 I see your troubles so amaze your judgment,
 I'll tell you my opinion fir, oth' sudden;
 For him, he's not worth Valasco's anger;
 Only thus, you shall discover to my father,
 She promis'd you her love, be confident
 To say you did exchange faith to her; this alone
 May chance assure her, and if not I have't:
 Steal her away, your love I see is honourable,
 So much I suffer when desert is wounded,
 You shall have my assistance, you apprehend me.

Val. I am devoted yours, command me ever.

Cat. Keep smooth your face, and still maintain your wor-
With Berinthia, things must be manag'd (ship
And struck in the maturity; noble sir, I wish
You only fortunate in Berinthia's love.

Val. Words are too poor to thank you, I look on you
As my safe guiding star. [Exit

Cat. But I shall prove a wandering star, I have
A course which I must finish for myself.
Glide on, thou subtil mover, thou hast brought
'T his instrument already for thy aims,
Sister, I'll break a serpent's egg betimes,
And tear Antonio from thy very bosom;
Love is above all law of nature, blood,
Not what men call, but what that bides is good. [Exit

Enter CASTABELLA and VILLANDRAS.

Vil. Be not so careful coz, your brother's well,
Be confident if he were otherwise
You should have notice, whom hath he to share
Fortunes without you? all his ills are made
Less by your bearing part, his good is doubled
By your communicating.

Cast. By this reason
All is not well, in that my ignorance
What fate hath happen'd bars me of the portion
Belongs to me sister, but my care
Is so much greater, in that Diego whom
I charg'd to put on wings, if all were well,
Is dull in his return.

Enter ANTONIO and DIEGO.

Vil. His master happily hath commanded him
To attend him homewards, this is recompenc'd
Already, look, they are come:
Y'are welcome, sir.

Ant. Oh sister, ere you let fall words of welcome,
Let me unlaid a treasure in your ear
Able to weigh down man.

Exit

Cast. What treasure, brother? you amaze me.

Ant. Never was man so blest,

As heaven had studied to enrich me here,

So am I fortunate.

Vil. You make me covetous

Ant. I have a freind.

Vil. You have a thousand sir, is this your treasure?

Ant. But I have one more worth than millions,

And he doth only keep alive that name

Of friendship in his breast. Pardon, Villandros,

'Tis not to strain your love, whom I have tried,

My worthiest cozen.

Cast. But where is this same freind, why came he not

To Elvas with you? sure he cannot be

Dear to you brother, to whom I am not indebted

At least for you.

Die. I have many dear friends too, my taylor is one

To whom I am indebted.

Ant. His commission

Stretch'd not so far, a father's tie was on him.

Eor. I have his noble promise ere it be long

We shall enjoy him.

Cast. Brother, I hope

You know how willingly I can entertain

Your blifs, and make it mine; pray speak the man

To whom we owe so much.

Ant. 'Twere not charity to starve you thus with shadows;

Take him, and with him in thy bosom lock

The mirror of fidelity, Don Sebastiano.

Cast. I oft have heard you name him full of worth,

And upon that relation have laid up,

One dear to my remembrance.

Ant. But he must be dearer Castabella; hark you, sister,

I have been bold upon thy virtue, to

Invite him to you, if your heart be free.

Let it be empty ever, if he do not

Fill it with noblest love, to make relation,

What zeal he gave of a worthy nature,

At our last parting (when betwixt a son,

And friend he so divided his affections

And out did both) you would admire him: were

I able I would build a temple where

We

We took our leave,
The ground itself was hallowed
So much with his own piety, Diego saw it.

Die. Yes sir, I saw, and heard, and wondered.

Ant. Come, I will tell you all, to your chamber, sister,
Diego, our plot must on, all time is lost
Until we try the moving.

Die. If the plot please you sir, let me alone to play my
Part I warrant you.

Ant. Come Castabella, and prepare to hear
A story not of length but worth your ear. [Exit

Enter VILAREZO, VALASCO, and CATALINA,

Vil. You have not dealt so honourably sir,
As did become you to proceed so far
Without my knowledge: give me leave to tell you
You are not welcome.

Val. My lord, I am sorry,
If I have any way transgreis'd, I was not
Respectless of your honour, nor my fame,
Valasco shall be unhappy, if by him
You shall derive a stain, my actions fair,
I have done nothing with Berinthia
To merit such a language, 'twas not ripe
For me to interrupt the father when I knew not
What grace I held with her.

Vil. Hell on her grace, is this her duty? ha,
I can forget my nature if she dare
Make so soon forfeit of her piety;
Oh where is that same awful dread of parent,
Should live in children? 'tis her ambition
To out-run her sister, but I'll curb her impudence.

Cata. Retire yourself, this passion must have way,
This works as I would have it; fear nothing, sir,
Obscure. [Exit Valasco,

Vil. I'll cloister her, and starve this spirit
Makes her deceive my trust; Catalina,
Upon thy duty I command thee, take
Her custody on thee, keep her from the eye
Of all that come to Averro, let her discourse

With

With pictures on the wall—I fear she hath
Forgot to say her prayers—is she grown sensual?

Cata. But my lord.

Vil. Oh, keep thy accents for a better cause,
She hath contemn'd us both—thou canst not see
What blemish she derives unto our name.
Yet these are sparks, she hath a fire within
Will turn all into flames. Where's Valasco?

Cata. Good sir, a much afflicted worthy gentleman
At your displeasure.

Vil. Thou art too full of pity, nay, th'art cruel
To thy own fame—he must not have access
To prosecute; it was my doating sin,
Of too much confidence in Berinthia,
Gave her such liberty, on my blessing punish it,
'Twill be a virtuous act, the snow I thought
Was not more innocent, more cold, more chaste.
Why my command bound her in ribs of ice,
But she's dissolv'd, to thee I'll leave her now.
Be the maintainer of thy father's vow.

[*Exit.*

Val. Why I am undone now.

Cata. Nothing less, this conflict
Prepares your peace, I am her guardian.
Love smiles upon you, I am not inconstant,
Having more power to assist you, but away,
We must not be descry'd: expect ere long
To hear what you desire.

Val. My bliss remember.

[*Exit.*

Cata. Berinthia, y'are my prisoner, at my leisure
I'll study on your fate, I cannot be
Friend to myself, when I am kind to thee.

[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter SEBASTIANO, BERINTHIA, ANSILVA, and
DIEGO meets them.*

Seb. Welcome, honest Diego, your master Antonio is in
health I hope?

E

Die.

Die. He commanded me, remember his service to you, I have obtain'd his leave for a small absence to perfect a suit I lately commenc'd in this court.

Seb. You follow it close methinks, Berinthia, I see this cloud vanish already, be not dejected, soon I'll know the depth on't, should the world forsake thee Thou shalt not want a brother, dear Berinthia. *[Exit.]*

[Diego secretly gives her a letter.]

Die. This is my lady Berinthia, prithee let me shew Some manners: madam, my master Antonio speaks his Hervice to you in this paper: alas, madam, I was but Calf at home, and I am return'd to see if I can recover The other piece of myself, so was it not a reasonable Compliment.

Ber. Antonio, he's constant I perceive. *[Exit.]*

Die. So, we are alone, sweet mistress Anfilva, I am bold To renew my suit, which least it should either Fall or depend too long, having past my declaration, I shall desire to come to a judgment. My cause craves nothing but justice, That is, that you would be mine; and now since Yourself is judge also, I beseech you be not partial In your own cause, but give sentence for the plaintiff and I will discharge the fees of the court on this fashion.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. Here is a haven yet to rest my soul on, In midst of all unhappiness, which I look on, With the same comfort a distressed seaman A far off views the coast he would enjoy, When yet the seas do toss his reeling bark, 'Twixt hope and danger, thou shalt be conceal'd.

[She mistaking as she moved, put up the letter, it falls down.]

Ans. Here's my lady, Berinthia.

Die. What care I for my lady Berinthia, and she thinks Much, would she had one to stop her mouth.

Ans. But I must observe her, upon her father's displeasure, She is committed to my lady's custody, who hath made Me her keeper? she must be lock'd up.

Die.

Die. Ha! lock'd up.

Ans. Madam, it is now time you would retire to your own Chamber.

Ber. Yes, prithee do, Ansilva, in this gallery,
I breathe but too much air. Oh, Diego, you'll have
An answer I perceive ere you return.

Die. My journey were to no purpose else, madam, I apprehend her, I'll wait an opportunity: alas, poor lady, is my sweetheart become a jailor, there's hope of an office without money.

Enter ANSILVA.

Ans. Diego, I spy my lady Catalina coming this way, pray throud yourself behind this cloth, I would be loath she should see us here together; quickly, I hear her treading.

Enter CATALINA.

Cata. Ansilva.

Ans. Madam.

Cata. Who's with you?

Ans. No body, madam.

Cata. Was not Diego with you, Antonio's man?

Ans. He went from me, madam, half an hour ago,
To visit friends in the city.

Cat. He hath not seen Berinthia, I hope?

Ans. Unless he can pierce stone-walls, madam, I am sure.

Cat. Direct Don Valasco hither by the back stairs,
I expect him.

Ans. I shall, madam.

Aat. Ha, what's this? a letter to Berinthia, from whom
Subscrib'd? Antonio! what devil brought this hither?
Furies torment me not. Ha, while I am Antonio, expect
Not I can be other than thy servant, all my thoughts
Are made sacred with thy remembrance, whose hope
Sustains my life. Oh, I drink poison from these fatal accents;
Be thy foul blacker than the ink that stains
The curst paper, would each drop had fallen
From both your hearts, and every character
Been tex'd with blood, I would have tir'd mine eyes
To have read you both dead here; upon my life,

Diego

Diego hath been the cunning Mercury
In this conveyance, I suspect his love
Is but a property to advance this suit.

Enter VALASCO.

But I will cross 'em all.
Don Valasco, you are seasonably arriv'd,
I have a letter for you.

Val. For me?

Cata. It does concern you.

Val. Ha.

Cata. How do you like it, sir?

Val. As I should a Poynard sticking here, how came
You by it?

Cata. I found it here by accident o'th ground,
I am sure it did not grow there, I suppose
Diego, the servant of Antonio
Who colourably pretends affection
To Ansilva, brought it, he's the agent for him,
Now the design appears, day is not more conspicuous
Than this cunning.

Val. I am resolv'd.

Cat. For what?

Val. Antonio or I must change our air,
This is beyond my patience—sleep in this
And never wake to honor. Oh, my fates,
He takes the freehold of my soul away,
Berinthia, and it, are but one creature;
I have been a tame fool all this while.
Swallowed my poison in a fruitless hope,
But my revenge, as heavy as Jove's wrath
Wrapt in a thunderbolt is falling on him.

Val. Now you appear all nobleness, but collect,
Draw up your passions to a narrow point
Of vengeance, like a burning glass that fires
Surest ith' smallest beam, he that would kill,
Spends not his idle fury to make wounds,
Far from the heart of him he fights withal,
Look where you most can danger, let his head
Bleed out his brains, or eyes, aim at that part

Is dearest to him, this once put to hazard,
The rest will bleed to death.

Val. Apply this, Madam.

Cat. The time invites to action, I'll be brief,
Strike him through Berinthia.

Val. Ha.

Cat. Mistake me not, I am her sister;
She is his heart, make her your own; you have
A double victory: thus you may kill him
With most revenge, and give your own desires
A most confirm'd possession: fighting with him
Can be no conquest to you; if you mean
To strike him dead, pursue Berinthia,
And kill him with the wounds he made at you,
It will appear but justice: all this is
Within your fathom, sir.

Val. 'Tis some divinity hangs on your tongue.

Cat. If you consent, Berinthia shall not see
More suns till you enjoy her.

Val. How! dear Madam?

Cat. Thus; you shall steal her away.

Val. Oh when?

Cat. Provide such trusty friends, but let it not be known
Upon your honour, I assist you in't.
And after midnight when soft sleep hath charm'd
All senses, enter the garden gate,
Which shall be open for you, to know her chamber
A candle shall direct you in the window,
Ansilva shall attend too, and provide
To give you entrance; thence take Beainthia,
And soon convey her to what place you think
Secure and most convenient, in small time
You may procure your own conditions;
But, sir, you must engage yourself to use her
With honorable respect; she is my sister,
Did not I think you noble, for the world
I would not run that hazard.

Val. Let Heaven forsake me, then; was ever mortal
So bound to woman's care! my mother's was
Half paid her at my birth, but you have made me
An everlasting debtor.

Cat.

Cat. Select your friends, bethink you of a place
You may transpose her.

Val. I am all wings.

[*Exit.*

Cat. So, when gentle physic will not serve, we must
Apply more active, but there is
Yet a receipt behind; Valasco's shallow,
And will be planet struck to see Berinthia
Die in his arms: 'tis so, yet he himself
Shall carry the suspicion, if art,
Or hell can furnish me with such poison,
Sleep thy last, sister, whilst thou livest I have
No quiet in myself, my rest thy grave.

[*Exit.*

DIEGO comes from behind the Hangings.

Die. Go thy ways, and the devil wants a breeder, thou
Art for him, one spirit and herself are able to furnish
Hell and it were unprovided; but I am glad I heard all,
I shall love hangings the better while I live;
I perceive some good may be done behind 'em,
But I'll acquaint my lady Berinthia,
Here's her chamber, I observ'd: Madam, madam
Berinthia!

[*Berinthia above.*

Ber. Whose there?

Die. 'Tis I, Diego, I am Diego.

Ber. Honest Diego, what good news?

Die. You're undone, undone, lost, undone for ever;
it is time now to be serious.

Ber. Ha!

Die. Where's my master Antonio's letter?

Ber. Here, where, ha, alas! I fear I've lost it.

Die. Alas, you have undone yourself, and your sister,
my lady, Catalina, hath found it, and is mad with rage
and envy against you: I overheard your destruction, she
hath shewed it to Don Valasco, and hath plotted that
he shall steal you away this night—the doors shall be left
open the hour after twelve.

Ber. You amaze me! 'tis impossible!

Die. Do not cast away yourself, by incredulity; upon
my life your fate is cast—nay more, worse than that.

Ber. Worse!

Die. You must be poison'd too—oh, she's a cunning
devil—and she will carry it so, that Valasco shall be
suspected for your death: What will you do?

Ber.

Ber. I am overcome with amazement.

Die. Madam, remember with what love my master, Antonio does honour you; and now both save yourself and make him happy, how.

Ber. I am lost, man.

Die. Fear not, I will engage my life for your safety, Seem not to have knowledge or suspicion, be careful What you receive, least you be poisoned; leave the Rest to me, I have a crotchet in my pate shall spoil Their music, and prevent all danger I warrant you; By any means, be smooth and pleasant; the devil's A knave, your sister's a traitor, my master is your noble Friend, I am your honest servant, and Valasco shall Shake his ears like an animal.

Ber. It is not to be hoped for.

Die. Then cut off my ears, slit my nose, and make a devil of me, shall I about it, say? 'tis done.

Ber. Any thing, thou art honest, heaven be near, Still to my innocence, I am full of fear.

Die. Spur, cut, and away then. [Exeunt.]

Enter Signior SHARKINO in his study, furnished with glasss, pbials, pictures of wax characters, wands, conjuring habit, powders, paintings, and SCARABEO.

Sb. Scarabeo.

Sca. Sir.

Sb. Is the door tongue-ty'd? screw yourself half out at one of the crevices, and give me notice what patient approaches me.

Sca. I can run thro' the key-hole, sir.

Sb. This *fucus* bears
A lively tincture; oh, the cheek must blush
That wears it; they're deceiv'd that say
Art is the ape of nature.

Sca. Sir.

Sb. Who is't?

Sca. My lady's apron strings, Mrs Ansilva, her chamber maid.

Sb. Admit her.

Enter

Enter ANSILVA.

An. How now, raw head and bloody bones, where's the Doctor Sharkino? Oh, here he is.

Sb. How does your virtuous lady?

An. In good health, sir.

Where's the *fucus* and the powder?

Sb. All is prepared here.

An. To see what you can do, many make legs, and you make faces, sir.

Sb. Variety of faces is now in fashion, and all little enough for some to set a good face on't; oh ladies may now and then commit a slip and have some colour for't; but these are but the outlide of our art, the things we can prescribe to be taken inwardly, are pretty curiosities; we can prolong life.

An. And kill too; can you not?

Sb. Oh any that will go to the price.

An. You have poisons, I warrant you, how do they look, pray let's see one?

Sb. Oh natural and artificial. Nessa's blood was milk To 'em, an extraction of toads and vipers: look Here's a parcel of Claudius Cæsar's posset, Given him by his wife, Agrippina; here is some of Hannibal's medicine he carried always in the Pummel of his sword for a dead list, a very active Poison, which passing the orifice, kindles Straight, a fire inflames the blood, and makes the marrow Fry, have you occasion to apply one?

An. In troth we are troubled with a rat in my lady's Chamber.

Sb. A rat, give him his bane; would you destroy a city, I have *probatinus* of Italian fallets, and our own country figs shall do it rarely---A rat, I have scarce a poison so base, the worst is able to kill a man; I have all sorts, from a minute to seven years in operation, and leave no marks behind them---a rat's a rat.

An. Pray let me see a remover at twelve hours; and I would be loath to kill the poor thing presently.

Sb. Here,

Sb. Here, you may cast it away upon't, but it is a disparagement to the poison.

Ans. This will content you.

Sb. Because it is for a rat you shall pay no more: my service to my lady, my poisons howsoever I give them, variety of operations are all but one. *Knocks within.*

Honest rats bane in several shapes, their virtue is common and will not be long in killing; you were best look it be a rat. Scarbero.

Sca. Sir, here's a gallant enquires for Doctor Sharkino.

Sb. Usher him in, it is some Don.

Enter COUNT DE MONTE NIGRO.

Count. Is your name Signior Sharkino, the famous Doctor?

Sb. They call me Sharkino.

Count. Do you not know me?

Sb. Your gracious pardon.

Count. I am Count de Monte Nigro.

Sb. Your honor's sublimity doth illustrate this habitation: Is there any thing wherein Sharkino may express His humble service? if ought within the circumference Of a medicinal or mathematical science, May have acceptance with your celsitude, It shall devolve itself.

Count. Devolve itself! that word is not in my table-books: What are all these trinkets?

Sb. Take heed, I beseech your honor, they are dangerous: this is the devil's girdle.

Count. A pox o'th devil, what have I to do with him?

Sb. It is a dreadful circle of conjuration, fortified With sacred characters against the power Of infernal Spirits, within whose round I can tread Safely, when hell burns round about me.

Count. Not unlikely.

Sb. Will you see the devil, sir?

Count. Ha, the devil! not at this time, I am in some haste; Any thing but the devil I durst fight withall, hark You, doctor; letting these things pass, hearing Of your skill, I am come in my own person, for

A fragment of your art: hark you, have you any Receipts to procure love, sir?

Sh. All the degrees of it, this is ordinary.

Count. Nay, I would not have it too strong; the lady I intend it for, is pretty well taken already, an easy working thing does it.

Sh. Here's a powder whose ingredients were fetch'd From Arabia the happy, a sublimation of the Phoenix Ashes, when she last burned herself, it bears the Colour of Sinamon, two or three scruples put into A cup of wine, fetches up her heart, she can scarce Keep it in, for running out of her mouth to you, My noble lord.

Count. That, let me have that, doctor; I know 'tis dear. Will that gold buy it?

Sh. Your honor is bountiful, there needs no circumstance; minister it by whom you please, your intention binds it to operation.

Count. So, so Catalina, I will put your morning's draught In my pocket. [*knocks at the door.*]
Doctor, I would not be seen.

Sh. Please you, my Lord, obscure yourself behind these hangings then, till they begone, I'll dispatch 'em the sooner; or if your honor think fit, 'tis but clouding your person with a simple cloak of mine, and you may at pleasure pass without discovery; my Anatomy shall wait on you.

Enter three SERVINGMEN.

1. Prithee come back yet.

2. Oh, by any means go, Jaynes.

1. Dost thou think it possible that any man can tell where thy things are but he that stole 'em? he's but a juggling impostor—my conscience, come back again.

2. Nay now we are at furthest, be not rul'd by him, I know he is a cunning man, he told me my fortune once when I was to go a journey by water, that if I 'scap'd drowning, I should do well enough, and I have liv'd ever since.

3. Well, I will try, I am resolv'd; stay, here he is. Pedro, you are acquainted with him, break the ice, he is alone.

2. Bless

2. Bless you, Mr. Doctor; sir, presuming on your art, here is a fellow of mine, indeed the butler, for want of a better, has lost a dozen of diaper napkins and half a dozen of silver spoons yesterday, they were seen by all three of us in the morning between six and seven let up, and what spirit of the buttery hath stolen them before eight is invisible to our understanding.

3. He hath delivered you the case right. I beseech you, sir, do what you can for a servant that is like to be in a lamentable case else, here's a gratuity.

1. Now we shall see what the devil can do; hey, here's one of his spirits I think.

Sh. Between seven and eight the hour; the 1 Luna, the 2 Saturn, the 3 Jupiter, the 4 Mars, the 5 Sol, the 6 Venus, the 7 Mercury, ha, then it was stolen, Mercury is a thief, your goods are stolen.

3. Was Mercury the thief, pray where dwells he?

Sh. Mercury is above the Moon, man.

5. Alas sir, 'tis a great way thither.

1. Did not I tell you you would be gull'd?

Sh. Well y'are a servant, I'll do something for you; What will you say, if I shew you the man that stole your spoons and napkins presently, will that satisfy you?

3. I'll desire no more. Oh good Mr Doctor.

1. If he does that, I'll believe he has cunning.

Sh. Go to, here's a glass.

2. Look you there now.

Sh. Stand your backs North, and stir not 'till I bid you; What see you there?

3. Here's nothing.

Sh. Look again, and mark, stand yet more North.

3. Now I see somebody.

1. And I.

[The Count comes from behind the hangings muffled in a cloak—steals off the stage.]

Sh. Mark this fellow muffled in the cloak, he hath stolen your spoons and napkins, does he not skulk?

1. 'Foote 'tis strange, he looks like a thief, this Doctor I see, is cunning.

3. Oh, rouge, how shall's come by him? Oh for an officer.

Sh. Yet stir not.

3. Oh, he's gone, where is he?

Sb. Be not too rash, my art tells me there is danger in't— you must be blindfold all ; if you observe me not, all is to no purpose : you must not see till you be forth a doors; shut your eyes, and lead one another, when you are abroad open them, and you shall see again.

3. The thief?

Sb. The same, then use your pleasures, so, be sure you see not: conduct them, Scarabeo. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a MAID with an Urinal.

Ma. Oh, Mr. Doctor, I have got this opportunity to come to you; but I cannot stay, here's my water; pray sweet Mr. Doctor, tell me, I am in great fear that I have lost——

Sb. What?

Ma. My maidenhead, sir, you can tell by my water.

Sb. Dost not thou know?

Ma. Oh I do somewhat doubt myself for this morning when I rose, I found a pair of breeches on my bed, and I have had a great suspicion ever since, it is an evil sign they say, and one does not know what may be in those breeches sometimes; sweet Mr. Doctor, am I a maid still or no? I would be sorry to lose my maidenhead e'er I were aware, I fear I shall never be honest after it.

Sb. Let me see, Urina meretrix; the colour is a strumpet, but if the contents deceive not, your maidenhead is gone.

Ma. And is there no hope to find it again?

Sb. You are not every body, by my art, as in other things that have been stolen, he that hath stolen your maidenhead shall bring it again.

Ma. Thank you, sweet Mr. Doctor, I am in your debt for this good news, oh sweet news, sweet Mr. Doctor. [*Exit.*

Enter COUNT beating before him the three SERVINGMEN they run in.

1. Cry your honor mercy, good my Lord.

Count. Out, you slaves. Oh my toes.

Sb. What ails your lordship?

Count. Doctor, I am out of breath, where be these worms crept? I was never so abused since I was swaddled: hark you, those three rogues that were here even now, began to lay hold of me, and told me I must give them their spoons and napkins; they made a thief of me; but I think I have made their flesh jelly with kicks and bastinadoes—Oh I have no mercy when I set on't, I have made 'em all poor Johns impudent varlets; talk to me of spoons and napkins.

Sb. Alas, one of them was mad, and brought to me to cure him.

Count. Nay, they were all mad, but I think I have madded 'em; I fear I have kick'd two or three out of their lives; alas, poor wretches, I am sorry for it now, but I have such an humor of beating and kicking when my foot's in once: hark you, Doctor, is it not within the compass of your physick to take down a man's courage a thought lower; the truth is, I am apt of myself to quarrel upon the least affront in the world; I cannot be kept in, chains will not hold me: the other day for a less matter than this, I kick'd half a dozen of high Germans, from one end of the street to the other for but offering to shrink between me and the wall; not a day goes o'er my head but I hurt somebody mortally; pox a these rogues, I am sorry at my heart I have hurt them so; but I cannot forbear.

Sb. This is strange.

Count. How? I can scarce forbear striking you now for saying it is strange; you would not think it: oh the wounds I have given for a very look! Well, hark you, if it be not too late, I would be taken down, but I fear 'tis impossible, and then every one goes in danger of his life by me.

Sb. Take down your spirit; look you, d'ye see this inch and a half, how tall a man do you think he was? He was twelve cubits high, and three yards compass at the waist when I took him in hand first, I'll draw him thro' a ring e'er I have done with him; I keep him now to break my poisons, to eat spiders and toads, which is the only dish his heart wishes for; a capon destroys him, and the very sight of beef or mutton makes him sick; look, you shall see him eat his supper, come on your ways, what say you to this spider? look how he leaps.

Sca. Oh dainty.

Sb. Here, saw you that? how many legs now for the haunch of a toad?

Sca. Twenty, and thank you fir; oh sweet toad, oh admirable toad?

Count. This is very strange, I never saw the like, I never knew spiders and toads were such good meats before; will he not burst now?

Sb. It shall ne'er swell him, by to-morrow he shall be an inch abated; and I can with another experiment plump him and heighten him at my pleasure; I'll warrant I'll take you down, my lord.

Count. Nay, but d'ye hear, do I look like a spider catcher, or a toad eater?

Sb. Far be it from Sharkino, I have gentle pellets for your lordship, shall melt in your mouth, and take off your valor insensibly; lozenges that shall comfort your stomach, and but at a week restrain your fury two or three thoughts; does your honor think I would forget myself, I shew you by this rat what I can do by art: your lordship shall have an easy composition, no hurt ith' world in't; here take but half a dozen of these going to bed, e'er morning it shall work gently, and in the virtue appear every day afterward.

Count. But if I find myself breaking out into fury, I may take them often; here's for your pellets of lozenges: what rare physick is this? I'll put it in practice presently: farewell, Doctor. [Exit.]

Sb. Happiness wait on your egregious lordship—my physick shall make your body soluble, but for working on your spirit, believe it when you find it; with any lies we must set forth our simples and compositions to utter them: so this is a good day's work; lean chaps lay up, and because you have performed handsomely, there is some silver for you, lay up my properties:

'Tis night already, thus we knaves will thrive

When honest plainness knows not how to live. [Exeunt.]

Enter CATALINA and ANSILVA.

Cat. Art sure she has ta'en it?

Ans.

THE MAID'S REVENGE.

Ans. As sure as I am alive, she never eat with
Such an appetite, for I found none left, I would
Be loath to have it so sure in my belly, it will work
Rarely twelve hours hence.

Cata. Thus we work sure then, time runs upon
Th' appointed hour, Valasco should rid me of all my
Fears at once; upon thy life be careful to direct
Him at his first approach, I am sick till she
Be delivered; be secret as the night, I'll to my
Chamber, be very careful.

*Enter ANTONIO, VILLANDRAS, DIEGO vizzarded and
arm'd.*

Ant. Art sure thou hast the time right?

Die. Doubt not, yonder's her chamber, the light
Speaks it softly;

Ans. Whose there, Vallasco?

Ant. I.

Ans. That way, make no noise, things are prepared, softly;
So, so, this is good I hope, and weight too, my lady
Berinthia will be sure enough anon, I shall ne'er
Get more higher, I had much ado to persuade her
To the spice, but I swore it was a cordial my lady
Us'd herself, and poor fool, she has swallowed it
Sure.

*Enter ANTONIO, with BERINTHIA, VILLANDRAS and
DIEGO.*

Ant. Madam, fear not, I am your friend.

Die. Who are you?

Vill. Stop her mouth, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANSILVA.

Ans. So, so, they are gone; alas, poor Valasco, I pity thee,
But we creatures of politick ladies must hold the
Same byas with our mistresses, and 'tis some policy
To

To make them respect us the better, for fear our
Teeth be not strong enough to keep in our tongues:
Now must I study out some tale by morning to salute
My old lord withall.

Enter VALASCO, a Friend or two armed.

Val. Anfilva?

Ans. Somebody calls me, who is it?

Val. It is I, Valasco.

Ans. What comes he back for? I hope the poison does
Not work already, where have you dispos'd her?

Val. Dispos'd whom?

Ans. My lady Berinthia.

Val. Let me alone to dispose her, prithee where's the light?
Shew us the way.

Ans. What way?

Val. The way to her chamber? come, I know what
You are sick of; here, each minute is an age till
I possess Berinthia.

Ans. This is pretty, I hope my lady is well.

Val. Well?

Ans. My Lady Berinthia, fir.

Val. Do you mock me?

Ans. I mock you?

Val. I shall grow angry, lead me to
Berinthia's chamber, or—

Ans. Why fir, were not you here even now, and hurried
Her away? I have your gold, well fare all good tokens;
I have perform'd my duty already fir, and you had my
Lady.

Val. I am abus'd; you are a cunning devil: I here and had
Berinthia? tell me, or with this pistol, I will soon
Reward thy treachery, where's Berinthia?

Ans. Oh, I beseech you do not fright me so; if you were
Not here even now, here was another that call'd
Himself Valasco, to whom I gave access, and
He has carried her away.

Val. Am I awake? or do I dream this horror?
Where am I? who does know me? are you friends
Of Don Valasco?

I. De

1. Do you doubt us, fir?

Val. I doubt myself, who am I?

2. Our noble friend Valasco.

Val. 'Tis so, I am Valasco, all the furies
Circle me round. Oh teach me to be mad,
I am abus'd, insufferably tormented,
My very soul is whipt, it had been safer
For Catalina to have play'd with serpents.

Enter CATALINA and ANSILVA.

Cat. Thou talk'st of wonders, where is Valasco?

Ans. He was here even now.

Val. Who nam'd Valasco?

Cat. 'Twas I, Catalina, here.

Val. Could you pick none out of the stock of man
To mock but me, so basely?

Cata. Valasco be yourself, resume your virtue,
My thoughts are clear from your abuse, it is
No time to vent our passion's fruitless rages;
Some hath abus'd us both, but a revenge
As swift as lightning shall pursue their flight:
Oh, I could tear my brains: as you respect
Your honor's safety, or Berinthia's love,
Haste to your lodging, which being near our house,
You shall be sent for; seem to be rais'd up,
Let us alone to make a noise at home,
Fearful as thunder: try the event, this cannot
Do any hurt: you Ansilva, shall
With clamors wake the household cunningly,
While I prepare myself.

Val. I will suspend awhile.

[*Exeunt.*

Ans. Help, help, thieves, villains, murder, my lady:
Help oh, my lord, my lady, murder, thieves, help.

Enter SEBASTIANO in his shirt with a taper.

Seb. What fearful cry is this, where are you?

Ans. Here, oh I am almost kill'd.

G

Seb.

Seb. Anfilva, where art hurt?

Ans. All over sir, my lady Berinthia is carried away
By ruffians, that broke into her chamber, alas
She's gone!

Seb. Whither, which way?

Enter VILAREZO and CATALINA.

My sister Berinthia is violently ta'en out of her
Chamber, and here's Anfilva hurt; see, look about;
Berinthia, sister.

Cata. How, Berinthia gone? call up the servants,
Anfilva, how wast?

Ans. Alas, madam, I have not my senses about me, I am so
Frighted, vizards, and swords and pistols, but my
Lady Berinthia was quickly seiz'd upon: she's gone.

Vil. What villains durst attempt it?

Enter COUNT MONTE DE NIGRO with a torch.

I fear Valasco's guilty of this rape.

Cata. Run one to his lodging, presently it will appear;
I know he lov'd her. Oh, my lord, my sister Berinthia's lost.

Mont. How? foote, my phylic begins to work. I'll
come to you presently. *[Exit.*

Cata. Where's Diego? he is missing; run one to his cham-
ber, here's Valasco.

Enter VALASCO.

Seb. It is apparent sir, Valasco's noble.

Cata. Berinthia's stolen away.

Val. Ha?

Seb. Her chamber broke open, and she ta'en thence this
night.

Val. Confusion stay the thief.

Mount. So, so, as you were saying, Berinthia was stolen
away by somebody, and—

I Ser.

Ser. Diego is not in his chamber.

Cata. Didst break open the door?

Ser. I did, and found all empty.

Mount. How, Diego, gone? that's strange! oh, it works again. I'll come to you presently.

Cata. I do suspect—

This some plot of Antonio,

Diego, a subtle villain,

Confirms himself an instrument by this absence;

What thinkest Ansilva?

Anf. Indeed I heard some of them name Antonio.

Vil. Ha?

Seb. Ha?

Cata. Ha?

Vil. 'Tis true, upon my soul: Oh false Antonio.

Cata. Unworthy gentleman.

Val. Let none have the honor to revenge, but I the wrong'd Valasco, let me beg it, sir.

Vil. Antonio, Boy! up before the day,
Upon my blessing I command thee post
To Elva's castle summon that false man.

Enter COUNT.

To quit his shameful action—bid him return
Thy sister back, whose honor will be lost
For ever in't: if he shall dare deny her,
Double thy father's spirit, call him to
A strict account, and with thy sword enforce him,
Oh, I could leap out of my age methinks,
And combat him myself—be thine the glory,
This stain will never wash off, I feel it fettle
On all our blood; away, my curse pursue
This disobedience.

[Exit.

Val. I had an interest in Berinthia,
Why have not I commission, I have a sword
Thirsteth to be acquainted with his veins;
It is too mean a satisfaction
To have her rendered, on his heart I'd write
A most just vengeance.

G 2

Seb

Seb. Sir, she is my sister, I have a sword dares tent
A wound as far as any—spare your valour.

Cata. I have a trick to be rid of this fool—My lord
Do you accompany my brother, you
I know are valiant.

Mount. Any whither, I'll make me ready presently.

[*Exit.*

Seb. My most unhappy sister.

[*Exit.*

Cata. Oh I could surfeit, I am confident
Antonio hath her, 'tis revenge beyond
My expectation, to close up the eyes
Of his Berinthia, dying in his arms,
Poison'd maturely; mischief I shall prove
Thy constant friend, let weakness virtue love.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter ANTONIO, BERINTHIA, CASTABELLA,
VILLANDRAS, SFORZA, and DIEGO.*

Ant. The welcom'st guest that ever Elvas had.
Sister, Villandras y'are not sensible what treasure
You possess, I have no love, I would not here divide.

Cast. Indeed madam, y'are as welcome here, as e'er my
mother was.

Vil. And you are here as safe, as if you had an army for
your guard.

Sfor. Safe armies, and guard; Berinthia y'are a lady,
But I mean not to court you: guard quotha, here's
A toledo, and an old arm, tough bones and sinews,
Able to cut off as stout a head as wags upon a shoulder,
Th'art Antonio's guest, welcome by the old bones
Of his father, th'ast a wall of brags about thee
My young daffodil.

Vil. Nor think my noble cozen meaneth you any disho-
nor here.

Ant

Ant Dishonor! it is a language I never understood yet:
Throw off your fears, Berinthia, y'are iih' power
Of him that dares not think
The least dishonor to you.

Sfor. True by this buff jerkin, that hath look'd in the
face of an army, and he lies like a termagant, denies it: An-
tonio is lord of the castle, but I'll command fire to the guns,
upon any renegado that confronts us: set thy heart at rest, my
gilloflower; we are all friends, I warrant thee, and he's a
Turk that does not honor thee from the hair of thy head, to
thy pettitoes.

Ant Come, be not sad.

Cast. Put on fresh blood, y'are not cheerful, how do you?

Ber. I know not how, nor what to answer you;
Your loves I cannot be ungrateful to,
Y'are my best friends I think, but yet I know not
With what consent you brought my body hither.

Ant. Can you be ignorant what plot was laid
To take your fair life from you?

Ber. If all be not a dream, I do remember
Your servant Diego told me wonders, and
I owe you for my preservation, but——

Sfor. Shoot not at buts, Cupid's an archer, here's a fair
mark, a fool's bolt's soon shot; my name's Sforza still, my
double daify.

Cast. It is your happiness you have escaped the malice of
your sister.

Vil. And it is worth
A noble gratitude to have been quit
By such an honorer as Antonio is
Of fair Berinthia.

Ber. Oh, but my father, under whose displeasure I ever
sink.

Ant. You are secure.

Ber. As the poor deer that being pursu'd, for safety
Gets up a rock that overhangs the sea,
Where all that she can see, is her destruction;
Before, the waves, behind, her enemies
Promise her certain ruin.

Ant. Fain not yourself so hapless, my Berinthia,
Raise your dejected thoughts, be merry, come,
Think I am your Antonio.

Cast. It is not wisdom
To let our passed fortunes trouble us,
Since were they bad, the memory is sweet,
That we have past them, look before you lady,
The future most concerneth.

Ber. You have awak'd me, Antonio pardon,
Upon whose honor I dare trust myself,
I am resolv'd, if you dare keep me here,
T' expect some happier issue.

Ant. Dare keep thee here? with thy consent I dare
Deny thy father, by this sword I dare,
And all the world.

Sfor. Dare, what giant of valor dares hinder us from
daring to slit the weasands of them that dare say, we dare not
do any thing that is to be dared under the poles? I am old
Sforza, that in my days have scourged rogues faces with hot
balls, made them cut cross capers, and sent them away with a
powder: I have a company of roaring bulls upon the walls
shall spit fire in the faces of any ragamuffian that dares say
we dare not fight pall mall, and still my name is Sforza.

Enter DIEGO hastily.

Die. Sir, your noble friend Don Sebastiano is at the
castle gate.

Ant. Your brother, lady, and my honor'd friend.
Why do the gates not spread themselves to open
At his arrival? Sforza, tis Berinthia's brother,
Sebastiano the example of all worth
And friendship, is come after his sweet sister.

Ber. Alas, I fear.

Ant. Be not such a coward, lady, he cannot come
Without all goodness waiting on him. Sforza,
Sforza I say, what precious time we lose:
Sebastiano, I almost lose myself
In joy to meet him! break the iron bars
And give him entrance.

Sfor. I'll break the walls down if the gates be too little.

Sast. I much desire to see him.

Ant.

Ant. Sister, now he's come, he did promise me
But a short absence: he of all the world
I would call brother, Castabella more
Than for his sister's love, oh he's a man
Made up of merit, my Berinthia,
Throw off all clouds, Sebastiano's come.

Ber. Sent by my father to—

Ant. What, to see thee? he shall see thee here.
Respected like thyself, Berinthia,
Attended with Antonio, begirt with armies of thy servants.

Enter SEBASTIANO, MOUNTE DE NIGRO, SFORZA.

Oh my friend.

Seb. 'Tis yet in question, sir, and will not be
So easily proved.

Moun. No, sir, we'll make you prove yourself our friend.

Ant. What face have you put on; am I awake;
Or do I dream! Sebastiano frowns!

Seb. Antonio, I come not now to compliment,
While you were noble, I was not least of them
You call'd your friends, but you are guilty of
An action that destroys that name.

Sfor. Bones o' your father, does he come to swagger?
My name is Sforza then.

Ant. No more,
I guilty of an action so dishonourable
Has made me unworthy of your friendship?
Come, you're not in earnest, 'tis enough, I know
Myself Antonio.

Seb. Add to him ungrateful.

Ant. 'Twas a foul breath delivered it, and wer't any
But Sebastiano, he should feel the weight
Of such a falsehood.

Seb. Sister, you must along with me.

Ant. Now by my father's soul, he that takes her hence,
Unless she give consent, treads on his grave.
Sebastiano, you're unnoble then,
'Tis I that said it.

Mount. So it seems.

Seb. Antonio, for here I throw of all
The ties of love, I come to fetch a sister,

Dis-

Dishonourably taken from her father;
 Or with my sword to force thee render her:
 Now if thou be'st a soldier redeliver,
 Or keep her with the danger of thy person,
 Thou canst not be my brother, till we first
 Be allied in blood.

Ant. Promise me the hearing,
 And shalt have any satisfaction
 Becomes my fame.

Mount. So, so, he will submit himself, it will be our honor.

Ant. Were it in your power, would you not account it
 A precious victory, in your sister's cause
 To die your sword with any blood of him
 Sav'd both her life and honour?

Seb. I were ungrateful.

Ant. You have told yourself, and I have argument to
 prove this.

Seb. Why would you have me think, my sister owes to
 you such preservation?

Ant. Oh, Sebastiano,
 Thou dost not think what devil lies at home
 Within a sister's bosom, Catalina,
 (I know not with what worst of envy) laid
 Force to this goodly building, and through poison
 Had rob'd the earth of more than all the world,
 Her virtue.

Seb. You must not beat my resolution off
 With these inventions, sir.

Ant. Be not cozen'd
 With your credulity, for my blood, I value it
 Beneath my honour, and I dare by goodness,
 In such a quarrel kill thee; but hear all,
 And then you shall have fighting your heart full.
 Valasco was the man appointed by
 That goodly sister to steal Berinthia,
 And lord himself of this possession,
 Just at that time; but hear and tremble at it,
 She by a cunning poison should have breath'd
 Her soul into his arms, within two hours,
 And so Valasco should have borne the shame
 Of theft and murder; how do you like this, sir?

Seb.

Seb. You amaze me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis true by honour's self, hear it confirm'd,
And when you will, I am ready.

Vil. Pity such valour should be employed
Upon no better cause, they will inform him.

Mount. Hark you, sir, do you think this is true?

Vil. I dare maintain it.

Mount. That's another matter, why then the case is
Altered, what should we do fighting, and lose
Our lives to no purpose?

Sf. It seems you are his second.

Mount. I am Count de Monte Nigro.

Sfor. And my name's Sforza; sir, you were not best to
come here to brave us, unless you have more legs and arms
at home; I have a faza shall pick holes in your doublet, and
firke your shanks, my gallimaufry.

Seb. I cannot but believe it, oh Berinthia,
I am wounded ere I fight.

Ant. Holds your resolve yet constant? if you have
Better opinion of your sword, than truth,
I am bound to answer; but I would I had
Such an advantage 'gainst another man,
As the justice of my cause, all valour fights
But with a fail against it.

Vil. Take a time to inform your father, sir, my noble
Cozen is to be found here constant.

Seb. But will you back with me then?

Ber. Excuse me, brother, I shall fall too soon
Upon my sister's malice, whose foul guilt
Will make me expect more certain ruin.

Ant. Now Sebastiano
Puts on his judgment, and assumes his nobleness,
Whilst he loves equity.

Seb. And shall I carry shame
To Villarezo's house, neglect a father,
Whose precepts binds me to return with her,
Or leave my life at Elvas? I must on,
I have heard you to no purpose, shall Berinthia
Back to Avero?

Ant. Sir, she must not yet, 'tis dangerous,

H

Seb.

Seb. Choose thee a second then, this Count and I
Mean to leave honour here.

Vill. Honour me, sir.

Ant. 'Tis done, Sebastiano shall report
Antonio just and noble, Sforza swear
Upon my sword: oh, do not hinder me
If victory crown Sebastiano's arm:
I charge thee, by thy honesty restore
This lady to him, on whose lip I seal
My unstain'd faith.

Mount. Umh, 'tis a rare phyfician, my spirit is abated.

Cast. Brother.

Ber. Brother.

Seb. And wilt thou be dishonour'd?

Ber. Oh do not wrong the gentleman, believe it,
Dishonour ne'er dwelt here, and he hath made
A most religious vow, not in a thought
To stain my innocence, he does not force me.
Remember, what a noble friend you make
A most just enemy, he sav'd my life,
Be not a murderer, take yet a time,
Run not yourself in danger for a cause
Carries so little justice.

Mount. Faith, sir, if you please take a time to think on't,
a month or two or three, they shall not say but we are hono-
rable.

Cast. You gave him to my heart a Gentleman,

[SEBASTIANO whispers.

Compleat with goodness, will you rob the world
And me at once? alas, I love him.

Ant. Never man fought with a lesser heart, the conquest
Will be but many deaths, he is her brother,
My friend, this poor girl's joy.

Mount. With all my heart, I'll post to Avero presently.

Seb. Let it be so, Antonio.

Cast. Alas! poor Castabella, what a conflict
Feel'st thou within thee, their fight woundeth thee,
And I must die, whoe'er hath victory.

Ant. Then friend again, and as Sebastiano
I bid him welcome, and who loves Antonio
Must speak that language.

Sfor. Enough, not a mast upon the castle walls
But shall bark too, I congratulate thee, if thou
Be'st friend to the castle of Elvas, and still my name
Is Sforza.

Ant. Well said, my brave Adelautado ; come Sebastiano,
And my Berinthia, by to-morrow we shall know.
The truth of our felicity. [Exeunt.

Enter VILAREZO.

Vil. What are the nobles more than common men
When all their honour cannot free them from
Shame and abuse ! as if greatness were a mark
Stuck by them but to give direction
For men to shoot indignities upon them ?
Are we call'd lords of riches we possess,
And can defend them from the ravishing hand
Of strangers, when our children are not safe
From thieves and robbers ! none of us can challenge
Such right to wealth and fortunes of the world,
Being things without us ; but our children are
Essential to us, and participate
Of what we are : part of our very nature,
Ourselves but cast into a younger mould ;
And can we promise but so weak assurance
Of so near treasures ? O Vilarezo, shall
Thy age be trampled on ? no, it shall not,
I will be known a father ; Portugal
Shall not report this infamy unreveng'd,
It will be a bar in Vilarezo's arms
Past all posterity.

Enter CATALINA.

Come Catalina, thou wilt stay with me,
Prepare to welcome home Sebastiano,
Whom I expect with honour, and that baggage.
Ambitious girl, Berinthia.

Cat. Alas, sir, censure not her too soon,
Till she appear guilty.

Vil. Here's thy virtue still,
To excuse her, Catalina ; no, believe it.

She's naught, past hope : I have an eye can see
Into her very heart, thou art too innocent.

Enter VALASCO.

Valasco welcome too, Berinthia
Is not come home yet, but we shall see her
Brought back with shame ; and is't not justice, ha?
What can be shame enough ?

Val. Your daughter, sir !

Vil. My daughter ? do not call her so, she has not
True blood of Villarezo in her veins ;
She makes herself a bastard, and deserves
To be cut off like a disorder'd branch,
Disgracing the fair tree she springeth from.

Val. Lay not so great a burthen on Berinthia,
Her nature knows not to degenerate ;
Upon my life she was not yielding to
The injurious action, if Antonio
Have play'd the thief, let your revenge fall there,
Which were I trusted with, although I doubt not
Sebastiano's fury, he should feel it
More heavy than his castle, what can be
Too just for such a sin ?

Vil. Right, right, Valasco, I do love thee for't,
'Tis so, and thou shalt see I have a sense
Worthy my birth and person.

Val. 'Twill become you, but I marvel we hear nothing
Of their success at Elvas, by this time
I would have sent Antonio to warn
His father's ashes, do you not think, sir ?
Sebastiano will not be remiss,
A gentle nature is abus'd with tales,
Which they know how to colour—here's the Count.

Enter MOUNTE NIGRO sweating.

Cat. How, the Count ? I sent him thither to be rid on him :
The fool has better fortune than I wish'd him,
But now I shall hear that which will more comfort me,
My sister's death most certainly.

Mont. My Lord, I have rid hard ; read there, your son
And daughter is well,

Cat.

Cat. Ha, well!

Mont. Madam.

Cat. How does my sister?

Mont. In good health, she has good commendations to you
In that letter.

Val. And is Antonio living?

Mont. Yes, and remembers his service to you.

Val. Has he then yielded up Berinthia?

Mont. He will yield up his ghost first, I knew not we were
Going to flesh baste one another, I am sure but the
Matter of felony hangs still, who will cut it down,
I know not; madam, there's notable matter against you.

Cat. Me!

Mount. Upon my honor there is, be not angry with me;
No less than theft and murder, that letter is charg'd
Withal, but you'll clear all I make no question; they
Talk of poisoning.

Cata. Am I betray'd?

Mont. Well, I smell, I smell.

Cata. What do you smell?

Mont. It was but a trick of theirs to save their lives,
For we were bent to kill all that came against us.

Vil. Catalina read here, Valasco, both of you,
And let me read your faces, ha! they wonder.

Val. How's this, I steal Berinthia?

Cat. I poison my sister!

Val. This doth amaze me.

Cat. Father, this letter says I would have poison'd my
poor sister; innocence defend me!

Vil. It will, it shall; come, I acquit you both,
They must not thus fool me.

Mont. Madam I thought as much, my mind gave me, it
Was a lie; yes, you look like a poisoner, as much
As I look like a hobby-horse.

Cat. Was ever honest love so abus'd, have I
So poor reward for my affection?

Vil. It shall be so.

Val. Madam I know not how the poison came in, but I
Fear some have betray'd our plot.

Cat. And how came you off, my noble Count?

Mount. As you see, without any wounds, but much against
My will; I was but one, Sebastiano, that was the

Principal, took a demur upon their allegation.
It seems, and so the matter is rak'd up in the embers.

Val. To make a greater fire, were you so cold
To credit his excuse, Antonio,
I should not have been so frozen;
As you love honor and revenge, give me
Some interest now, and if I do not
Shew myself faithful, let Valasco have
No name within your memory, let me beg,
To be your proxy; sir, pity such blood,
As yours should be ignobly cast away;
Madam, speak for me.

Cat. No, I had rather lose this fool.

Mount. And you can get their consents.

Cat. You cannot sir, in honor now go back;
I shall not think you love me, if my father
Point you such noble service to refuse it.

Mount. You hear what she says.

Vil. Count Monte Nigro.

Val. I am all fire with rage.

Vil. Valasco, you may accompany the Count,
There may be employment of your valor too;
Tell me at your return, whether my son
May prove a soldier, here's new warrant for
Antonio's death; if there be coldness urge it,
'Tis my desire, I'll study a better service.

Val. I shall.

Vil. Away then both, no compliment, I wish you either
Had a pegasus; be happy, my old blood boils,
Must my peace secure, such sores as these must
Have a desperate cure

[*Exeunt*]

Enter SEBASTIANO, CASTABELLA, ANTONIO,
BERINTHIA.

Seb. This honour, madam, of yourself and brother,
Make me unhappy, when I remember what
I came for, not to feast thus but to fight.

Cast. Pity true friendship should thus suffer.

Ant. Ha?

Seb. Music.

Ant. Some conceit of Sforza's, the old captain,
Let's entertain it; some soldier's device.

A mask of Soldiers

God have mercy, Sforza.

Sfor. To your stations now, my brave brats of military
Discipline; enough, Sforza honours you, look to your
Charge, bullies, and be ready upon all occasions,
My invincible dub a dub knights of the castle,
Qui vala.

Enter MOUNTE NIGRO, and VALASCO.

Val. We must speak with Don Sebastiano.

Sfor. Must? th'art a mushroom—must, in the castle of
Elvas?

[*Monte Nigro gives a letter.*]

Ant. Friends; Sforza.

Val. What, courting ladies! by this time 'twas expected
You would have courted fame, sir, and wo'd her to you;
You shall know me better.

Ant. I doubt you'll never be better, you shall now owe me
More than you shall account for.

Seb. Or else my curse, that word cries out for death.

Cast. My fears perplex me.

[*Antonio and Sebastiano whisper.*]

Val. Madam, I do wonder

You can forget your honour, and reflect
On such unworthiness, wherein hath Valasco
Shewed you less merit?

Ber. Sir, it becomes not me
To weigh your worths, nor would I learn of you
How to preserve my honour.

Seb. Sister.

Ant. Villandras.

Seb. Then I must take my leave, for I am sent for,
I am sorry for your fate; Madam, I am expected
By a father; your virtue hath made me yours.

Mont. Oh admirable physician!

Ant. Sforza there is no remedy, but by all honour do it,
Sister, I am to wait on him: oh my poor girl,
Berinthia, my soul be with thee; for a
Little time excuse my absence.

Sfor. You may walk, sir.

Val. Antonio, I must but now look on, you were
Best take a course not to outlive him.

[*Exeunt SFORZA, VILLANDRAS, and Ladies.*]

Ant. Sebastiano, I know not with what soul
I draw my sword against thee.

Seb. Antonio, I am driven in a storm
To split myself on thee, if not, my curse—
We must on fir.

Mount. Rare man of art, Sharkino.

Vil. Guard thee Count.

Enter SFORZA, VALASCO, and Ladies above.

Cast. Treacherous Sforza, hast thou brought us hither, to
be struck dead?

Mount. Hold, gentlemen give me audience.

Seb. What's the matter, My lord?

Mount. My fit is on me; 'tis so, I had forgot myself,
This is my ague day.

Seb. How?

Mount. Yes, a sextile ague; look you, do you not see me
shake, admirable doctor, it will be as much as my life is worth
if I should fight a stroke.

Seb. Hell on such baseness, we'll engage no more.
Let our swords try it out.

Val. Sebastiano, hold, thou'rt not so ill befriended,
Exchange a person, I'll leap the battlement.

Mount. With all my heart, I am sorry it happens so un-
fortunately, oh rare physician!

Vil. Good cozen, grant it?

Ant. What says Sebastiano?

Vil. I conjure you by all honour.

Seb. It is granted.

Ber. He shall not go.

Ant. Meet him, my lord, you will become his place of a
Spectator best.

Enter VALASCO.

Sebastiano, brother.

Cast. Antonio, hear me.

Vil. Guard thee, Valasco, then.

Cast. O brother, spare him for my sake.

Ber.

Ber. Sebastiano, every wound thou givest him
Draws blood from me.

Cast. Sebastiano, remember he's thy friend.

Ber. Antonio, 'tis my brother, with whose blood
Thou dyest thy sword.

Ant. When thou liv'st again shalt be more honorable
Sebastiano do you observe the advantage? *Kills Valasco.*
Yet think upon't.

Seb. It is not in my power, I value not the odds.

Ber. Hold, Antonio, is this thy love to me, it is not noble?

Seb. So thy death makes the scale even. *Kills Villandras.*

Cast. Antonio hold, Berinthia dies.

Ber. Sebastiano, Castahella sinks for sorrow: murder, help,
I will leap down.

Ant. Where art Berinthia, let me breath my last upon thy
lip, make haste, least I die else.

Seb. Antonio before thou diest cut off my hand, art wounded
mortally?

Ant. To die by thee is more than death: Sforza be honest,
But love thy sister for me, I am past hope,
Thou hast undone another in my death.

Enter BERINTHIA, SFORZA, MOUNT.

Ber. Antonio, stay oh cruel brother.

Ant. Berinthia thy lip farewell, and friend, and all the
world.

Sfor. The gate is open, I am sworn to render.

Ber. He's not dead, his lips are warm, have you no bal-
som, a surgeon? dead, some charitable hand send my soul af-
ter him.

Seb. Away, away.

Ber. It will be easy to die,
All life is but a walk in misery.

Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Sebastiano.

Seb. My friend, my noble friend, that had deserved
Most honorably from me, by this hand

Divorc'd

Divorc'd from life, and yet I have the use on't,
 Hapless Sebastiano; oh Berinthia,
 Let me for ever lose the name of brother,
 Wilt thou not curse my memory? give me up
 To thy just hate a murderer?

Enter VILLAREZO.

Vil. Ha, this must not be Sebastiano,
 I shall be angry if you throw not off
 This melancholy, it does ill become you:
 Do you repent your duty? were the action
 Again presented to be done by thee:
 And being done, again thou'd challenge from thee
 A new performance, thou would'st shew no blood
 Of Villarezo's, if thou didst not run
 To act it, though all horror, death and vengeance
 Dog'd thee at thy heels; come, I am thy father,
 Value my blessing: and for other peace
 I'll to the king, let me no more see thee cloudy. *Exit.*

Enter DIEGO, CASTABELLA like a Page.

Die. That was his father.

Cast. No more, farewell, be all silence. *Exit Diego.*

Cast. Sir,

Seb. He's newly gone that way, may'st soon o'ertake him.

Cast. My business points at you, sir.

Seb. At me, what news? thou hast a face of horror, more
 welcome; speak it.

Cast. If your name be Don Sebastiano, sir,
 I have a token from a friend.

Seb. I have no friend alive boy, carry it back,
 'Tis not to me, I've not another friend
 In all the world.

Cast. He that hath sent you, sir, this gift, did love you,
 You'll say yourself he did.

Seb. Ha, name him prithee.

Cast. The friend I came from was Antonio.

Seb. Thou lyest and th'rt a villain; who hast sent thee
 To tempt Sebastiano's soul to act on thee
 Another death, for thus affrighting me?

Cast.

Cast. Indeed I do not mock, nor come to affright you,
Heaven knows my heart; I know Antonio's dead,
But 'twas a gift he in his life design'd
Toou and I have brought it.

Seb. Thou dost not promise cozenage, what gift is it?

Cast. It is myself, sir, while Antonio liv'd, I was his boy
But never did a boy lose so kind a master, in his life he
Promised he would bestow me, so much was his love
To my poor merit, on his dearest friend;
And nam'd you, sir, if heaven should point out
To overlive him, for he knew you would
Love me the better for his sake, indeed
I will be very honest to you, and
Refuse no service to procure your love
And good opinion to me.

Seb. Can it be
Thou wert his boy? oh thou shouldst hate me then
Th'art false, I dare not trust thee; unto him
Thou shewest thee now unfaithful to accept
Of me: I kill'd him thy master, 'twas a friend
He could commit thee to, I only was,
Of all the stock of men his enemy,
His cruelest enemy.

Cast. Indeed I am sure it was, he spoke all truth,
And had he liv'd to have made his will, I know
He had bequeathed me as a legacy
To be your boy; alas, I am willing, sir,
To obey him in it, had he laid on me
Command, to have mingled with his sacred dust,
My unprofitable blood, it should have been
A most glad sacrifice, and it had been honour
To have done him such duty, sir, I know
You did not kill him with a heart of malice,
But in contention with your very soul
To part with him.

Seb. All is true as oracle, by heaven,
Dost thou believe so?

Cast. Indeed I do.

Seb. Yet be not rash;
'Tis no advantage to belong to me,
I have no power nor greatness in the court,

To raise thee to a fortune worthy of
So much observance as I shall expect
When thou art mine.

Cast. All the ambition of my thoughts shall be
To do my duty, sir.

Seb. Besides, I shall afflict thy tenderness
With solitude and passion, for I am
Only in love with sorrow, never merry,
Wear out the day in telling of sad tales,
Delight in sighs and tears; sometimes I walk
To a wood or river purposely to challenge
The boldest echo, to send back my groans
Ith' height I break e'm; come, I shall undo thee.

Cast. Sir, I shall be most happy to bear part
In any of thy sorrows, I ne'er had
So hard a heart but I could shed a tear
To bear my master company.

Seb. I will not leave thee if thou'lt dwell with me
For wealth of Indies, be my loved boy,
Come in with me, thus I'll begin to do
Some recompence for dead Antonio.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Ber. So I will dare my fortune to be cruel,
And like a mountainous piece of earth that sucks
The balls of hot artillery, I will stand
And weary all the gunshot: oh my soul,
Thou hast been too long icy alpes of snow;
Have buried my whole nature, it shall now
Turn element of fire, and fill the air
With bearded comets, threat'ning death and horror:
For my wrong'd innocence, contemn'd disgrac'd,
Nay murther'd, for with Antonio
My breath expired—and I but borrow this
To court revenge for justice; if there be
Those furies which do wait on desperate men,
As some have thought, and guide their hands to mischief:
Come from the womb of night: assist a maid
Ambitious to be made a monster like you;
I will not dread your shapes: I am dispos'd

To

To be at friendship with you and want nought
But your black aid to seal it.

Enter MOUNTE NIGRO and ANSILVA.

Mount. First I'll lock up thy *[gives her gold.]*
Tongue, and tell thee my honourable meaning; so,
To tell you the truth, it is a love-powder, I had it of the
Brave doctor, which I would have thee to sugar
The lady's cup withal, for my sake wo't do't?
And if I marry her, shalt find me a noble
Master, and thou shalt be my chief gentlewoman
In ordinary; keep thy body loose, and thou shalt
Want no gown I warrant thee; wo't do't?

Ans. My lord, I think my lady is much taken with your
Worth already, so that this will be superfluous.

Mount. I nay think she has cause enough, but I have a great
Mind to make an end on't, to tell you true, there are
Half a dozen about me, but I had rather she should have
Me than another; and my blood is grown so boisterous
For my body, that's another thing; so that if thou wilt
Do it Ansilva, thou wilt do thy lady good service,
And live in the favor of Count de Monte Nigro;
I will make thy children kin to me, if thou wo't
Do't.

Ans. I am your honor's hand-maid; but—

Mount. Here's a diamond, prithee wear it, be not modest.

Ans. 'Tis done my lord, urge it no further.

Mount. But be secret too for my honor's sake, we great men
Do not love to have our actions laid open to the
Broad face of the world, I'll get thee with child,
And marry thee to a night, my brave Ansilva, take
The first opportunity.

Ans. If there be any virtue in the powder, prepare to
Meet your wishes, my noble lord.

Mount. Thy Count de Monte Nigro—expect to be a lady.
[Exit.]

Ber. Ansilva.

Ans. Madam.

Ber. Nay, you need not hide it, I heard the conference,
And know the virtue of the powder, let me see it
Or I'll discover all.

Ans. I am undone.

Ber.

Ber. No, here take it again, I'll not prevent
My sister's happiness and the Count's desire,
I am no tell-tale, good Ansilva give't her,
And heaven, succeed the operation.
I beg on my knee; fear not Ansilva,
I am all silence.

Ans. Indeed madam, then she shall have it presently [*Exit*]

Enter SEBASTIANO, CASTABELLA.

Cast. Sir, if the opportunity I use
To comfort you be held a fault, and that
I keep not distance of a servant, lay it
Upon my love; indeed if it be an error
It springs out of my duty.

Seb. Prithee, boy, be patient;
The more I strive to throw off the remembrance
Of dead Antonio, love still rubs the wounds
To make them bleed afresh.

Cast. Alas, they are past.
Bind up your own for honour's sake,
And shew love to yourself, pray do not lose your reason
To make your grief so fruitless, I have procur'd
Some music, sir, to quiet those sad thoughts,
That makes such war within you.

Seb. Alas, good boy, it will but add more weight
Of dulness on me, I am stung with worse
Than the tarantula, to be cur'd with music
'T has the exactest unity, but it cannot
Accord my thoughts.

Cast. Sir, this your couch
Seems to invite so small repose;
Oh I beseech you taste it, I'll beg
A little leave to sing

She sings.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Sweet sleep charm his sad senses, and gentle
Thoughts let fall your flowing numbers, here and round
About hover celestial angels with your wings,
That none offend his quiet: sleep begins
To cast his nets o'er me too, I'll obey,
And dream on him, that dreams not what I am.

Ber.

Ber. Nature doth wrestle with me, but revenge
Doth arm my love against it, justice is
Above all tie of blood; Sebastiano
Thou art the first shalt tell Antonio's ghost
How much I lov'd him.

She stabs him upon his couch; CASTA. rises and runs in.

Seb. Oh stay thy hand, Berinthia? no
Th'ast don't, I wish the heaven's forgiveness, I cannot
Tarry to hear thy reasons; at my doors,
My life runs out, and yet Berinthia
Doth in her name give me more wounds than these,
Antonio, oh Antonio, we shall now
Be friends again.

Dies.

Ber. He's dead, and yet I live, but not to fall
Less than a constellation, more flames must
Make up the fire that Berinthia
And her revenge, must bathe in.

Enter CATALINA poison'd, pulling ANSILVA by the hair.

Cast. Sebastiano, sister.

Ans. Murder.

Cat. There's wild-fire in my bowels, sure I am poison'd,
Oh Berinthia.

Ber. Ha, ha.

Cat. Help me to tear Ansilva, I am poison'd by
The count and this fury.

Ber. Ha, ha.

Cat. Do you laugh hereat?

Ber. Yes, queen of hell, to see thee
Sink in the glory of thy hope for bliss:
But art sure th'art poison'd, ha?

Ans. Nay, I have my part on't, I did but sip, and my belly
Swells too; call you this love-powder, Count Monte
Nigro hath poison'd us both.

Ber. Y'are a pair of witches, and because
I'll keep your potion working, know y'are both
Poison'd by me; by me, Berinthia;
Being thus tormented with my wrongs,
I arm'd myself with all provision
For my revenge, and had in readiness

That

That faithful poison which ith' opportunity
 I put upon Ansilva for the exchange
 Of the amorous powder; oh fools, my soul
 Ravish thyself with laughter, politition
 My eldest devil sister, does the heat
 Offend your stomach, troth charity, a little charity
 The only antidote that's cold enough:
 Look here's Sebastiano;
 Now horror strike thy soul, to whose fearless heart
 I sent this poinyard, for Antonio's death;
 And if that piece of thy damnation
 Ansilva had not don't, I meant to have writ
 Revenge with the same point upon thy breast;
 But I do surfeit in this brave prevention:
 Sleep, sleep Antonio's ashes, and now open
 Thou marble chest to take Berinthia
 To mingle with his dust. *Wounds herself.*
Cat. I have not so much heart as to curse, must I die?

Enter VILAREZO, CASTABELLA, MONTE NIGRO.

Cast. Here my lord, alas he's dead, my Sebastiano.

Vil. Catalina.

Cat. I am poison'd.

Vil. Ha, defend good heaven, by whom?

Ans. I am poison'd too.

Vil. Rack not my soul amazement, 'tis a dream sure.

Ans. Your love powder hath poison'd us both.

Mount. What will become of me now, I would I were hang'd
 To be out of my pain; by this flesh, as I am a count,
 I bought it of the doctor for good love-powder;
 But madam, I hope you are not poison'd in earnest?

Cat. The devil on your foolship, oh I must walk
 The dark foggy way that spits fire and brimstone,
 No physick to restore me? send for Sharkino, a cooler
 A cooler, there's a smith's forge in my belly, and the
 Devil blows the bellows, snow-water, Berinthia
 Has poison'd me, sink by mine own engine;
 I must hence, hence, farewell, will you let me die so?
 Confusion, torment, death, hell.

Mount. I am glad with all my heart that Berinthia has
 Poison'd her, yet—

Ber.

Ber. Oh it becomes thee bravely: hear me, fir,
 Antonio's death and my dishonours now
 Have just revenge; I stabb'd Sebastiano, poisoned my sister;
 Oh but they made too soon a fury of me,
 And split the patience, from whose dreadful breach
 Came these consuming fires, your passion's fruitless;
 My soul is reeling forth I know not whither:
 Oh father, my heart weeps tears, for you I die, oh see
 A maid's revenge with her own Tragedy.

Cat. Ansilva, oh thou dull wretch, hell on thy cursed
 Weakness; thou gavest me
 The poison, but I lick earth: hold, a gentleman
 Usher to support me. oh I am gone, the poison
 Now hath torn my heart in pieces, Moritur.

Vil. I am planet struck, a direful tragedy, and have
 I no part in't: how do you like it, ha? wast not
 Done to th' life? they are my own children; this was
 My eldest girl, this Berinthia, the tragedian,
 Whose love by me resisted, was mother of all this
 Horror; and there's my boy too, that slew Antonio
 Valiantly, and fell under his sister's rage, what
 Art thou boy?

Cast. I'll tell you now I am no boy,
 But hapless Castabella, sister to
 The slain Antonio: I had hop'd to have
 Some recompence by Sebastiano's love,
 For whose sake in disguise I thus adventur'd
 To purchase it, but death hath ravish'd us,
 And here I bury all my joys on earth.

Mount. Sweet lady, here's Count de Monte Nigro alive
 To be your servant.

Cast. Hence, dull greatness.

Vil. Were you a friend of Sebastiano then?

Cast. I'll give you testimony.

Vil. No, I believe you, but thou canst not be my daughter;
 'Tis false, he lies that says Berinthia
 Was author of their deaths, 'twas Villarezo,
 A father's wretched curiosity, dead, dead, dead.

Cast. And I will leave the world too, for I mean
 To spend the poor remainder of my days
 In some religious house, married to heaven,

And

And holy prayers for Sebastiano's soul,
And my lost brother.

Kil. Will you so?

Cast. I pray let Castabella have the honor
To enshrine his bones, and when my breath expires,
For sorrow promiseth I shall not live
To see more suns, let me be buried by him
As near as may be possible, that in death
Our dust may meet. Oh, my Sebastiano,
Thy wounds are mine.

Vil. Come, I am arm'd, take up their bodies. Castabella, you
Are not chief mourner here, he was my son,
Remember that; Berinthia first, she was the
Youngest, put her ith' pit-hole first, then Catalina;
Strow, strow flowers enough upon 'em, for they
Were maids; now Sebastiano, take him
Up gently, he was all the sons I had; now
March. Come, you and I are twins in this day's
Unhappiness, we'll march together, follow close,
We'll overtake 'em: softly, and as we go,
We'll dare our fortune for another woe.

F I N I S.

